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THE ACORN

SEPTEMBER 1906

PUBLISHED BY THE PUPILS OF THE ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL

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WON BY A SCRATCH.

I.

Ethel Harding was the daughter of James H. Harding, professor of Economics at the famous Stanford University. Bright, lively and attractive, brought up on the quad, she had become very well known all through the college, and at twenty, she had countless admirers.

The most favored of these was Thomas Lane, son of Joseph R. Lane, the wealthy San Francisco architect. Lane was a large, powerful fellow, and though not good looking exactly, he was a prime favorite everywhere. Cheery of temperment, and kind of heart he was, but easy-going and happy-go-lucky to a fault. For two years had he visited the professor's pretty daughter, and during this time he had been her devoted admirer and slave. Little by little the circle of admirers grew smaller, falling before the ardent "Tommy" as she called him. "Tommy" brought her flowers, Tommy brought her candy and took her to the dances and to the theatre. For months there was none like Tommy.

Suddenly there came a change—a quarrel, bitter words, and all was over between them.

The big Sophomore was heartbroken for nearly a year, Ethel had told him that he was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and that, not until he turned over a new leaf would she speak to him again. In his heart he knew she was right, and of course, he resolved to make something of himself. But how to begin?

He returned to San Francisco and worked two years in his father's office, and there it was that he realized the need of a good education, so at the beginning of the third year, he started again at Stanford with firm resolutions to blot out his past records. Strive as he might, he could not get Ethel out of his mind. For two more years he studied faithfully, seeing the professor's daughter occasionally at a distance, but never to speak to.

It was now his last year at Stanford. Football season was on, and, inspired by a few friends, he turned out in a suit for the scrub eleven. After several months of rigorous training, he was made substitute full back for the Varsity and regular full-back for the second eleven. It was in a game with the Varsity that he first showed his metal. Until this game the trainer and coaches could not understand this big Senior who seldom said a word, but played silently and fiercely, but with a far-off look in his eyes. It was here that he showed the coaches and the University that he was the best all around player on the field. Afterward he was made regular full-back and there he stayed.

The annual Thanksgiving-day game with the University of California was near at hand, and practice became more vigorous than ever. The students became interested in the new full-back, about whom the coaches were never tired of telling. The girls were enthusiastic over this new find, and one day Lane saw a familiar face among those sitting on the bleachers. After that, he saw the same face every day, and his good playing became better than ever.

On the evening before the day of the game, Professor Harding and his daughter sat in his quaint little library, discussing the prospects of the morrow. Suddenly the door-bell rang, and Ethel heard her name called. A box was handed her, and retreating with it to her own room, she cut the string. There lay a card buried in their midst. "Thomas Lane," it said—nothing more.

Bending her face over the flowers the girl read their scarlet significance, and whispered,

II.

"As he plays tomorrow, so his reward will be!"

The curtain slowly rises, showing to the expectant audience a large foot-ball stadium, thronged with the partisans of the contending colleges. One side of the bleachers is a solid mass of cardinal and the other, one of blue and gold. The rival bands are playing and the rooters are doing their best. In the center of the cardinal section sits a bright-eyed girl, clad in red, her eyes riveted expectantly on one corner of the field where the Stanford team will first appear. In her lap lies a great bunch of red carnations.

Suddenly a roar of cheers sweeps up and down the field, and the crowd jumps up, waving hats and flags frantically. Out onto the freshly-ploughed field, trod eleven chunky youths, clad in dirty moleskin breeches and torn canvas jackets, but each one bears a big red S on his breast. The ball is passed and caught with wonderful swiftness. Suddenly it is passed to a large, bulky fellow who, with a touch of his boot, sends it spinning between the goal posts. "Rah! rah! rah! Stanford," howl the Stanford rooters. "Get onto that drop, Berkeley! What's the matter with Lane? He's all right."

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah!

Stanford!"

Ethel stares at the kicker. Can that serious, determined fellow be her fun-loving, easy-going Tommy?

Now the California boys come on the field and are likewise received with thundering cheers.

At last the game begins. The two teams form their lines, and, as the whistle blows, Tommy himself kicks the ball high over the heads of the California center and quarter-back, plump into the arms of their full-backs, who runs down the field like a deer. He knocks one man down with a straight arm, dodges another, but his run is cut short by Tommy, who seems to be everywhere and who tackles him about the knees and hurls him headlong to the ground. Almost instantly the teams face each other and the fight begins. Back and forth goes the ball. The two elevens are most evenly matched. The girl in red seated on the grandstand, marvels at the coolness and daring that her friend is showing,

and in her excitement, she leans far over the rail, waving her scarlet boquet with its flowing satin ribbons of the same scarlet shade. The blazing figure clad in the color of her college is burned on Tom's brain, never to be erased, and time after time he saves the game by his unerring kicks. Once Tommy falls to the ground, but 'tis only for a moment, though it seems ages of suspense to the excited girl; and he jumps up as the game goes on. She breathes a sigh of relief when after a little playing, the whistle blows and the first half is ended.

At the beginning of the renewed battle, the California boys seem to have the best of it. They keep the ball in Stanford's territory, but can not advance it further than her twenty-yard line.

The gentleman beside Ethel Harding becomes talkative, and after surveying the players critically, he says,

"They are saving Lane, I see. He's only been sent against the line three times this half, and the other backs are doing most of the kicking. They will send him in to save the game in the last ten minutes."

What means this cheering of the Berkeley partisans? All jump up and gaze. Suddenly, as one of the Stanford backs is going to kick, California's big right guard breaks through the line and blocks the kick. The ball rolls back on Stanford's goal line, a Cardinal player dives madly after it and lands on it safely, but in averting the threatened touchdown he has scored a safety; and the score is now two to nothing in favor of California.

"Only seven minutes left," says the umpire. The Stanford team is bound to win and nothing is harder to stop than the furious rush of despairing men. Now Tommy shows up. Every time he bucks the line he gains something. Finally, the ball is on California's twenty-five yard line, even with the goal. Now Tommy steps back for a kick. All is hushed. The spectators breathe quickly. This is a critical moment. Now or never, California, you must block that kick, or lose the game. There is only one minute left. The center passes the ball and then the crash comes on the tottering and wavering Stanford line. For a second it holds out despairingly against the furious attack, but finally gives way. In this brief second, however, Tommy has kicked a drop between the goal posts. The whistle blows sharply through the shouts and roars of applause from the cardinal section, proclaiming the game ended with a score of 4 to 2.

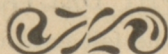
The victorious Stanford eleven are seized upon by the excited students and carried triumphantly around the field in the Serpentine.

Here the curtain falls.

Once more it slowly rises—this time the scene is the parlor of Prof. Harding's residence on the Stanford campus. In the cozy window seat sits a boy who is scratched and bruised; and a girl clad in the blazing color of Stanford, holding in her hands some faded red carnations, while a wealth of happiness shines from each bright face.

Here the curtain falls for the last time, and the play is ended.

DOWDLE, '07.



SCHOOL NOTES



SKULL AND SERPENT.

The Skull and Serpent Society of the Senior classes is progressing rapidly. On August seventeenth an initiation and reception was held at the home of Grace Renner at which eight new members were enrolled namely, Jane Becker, Edith Cameron, Marjorie Cockroft, Roberta Haslett, Emmy Lemcke, Viola Minior, Gertrude Postel and Jean Tyson. This society is becoming very strong and active in the school and at the same time is keeping the interest of the graduates in the affairs of their Alma Mater.

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ALPHA SIGMA.

Eta Chapter of Alpha Sigma feels particularly fortunate this term, in the fact that they have not had to endure the misfortunes and hardships of some of their sister chapters. Although many of the girls have graduated and we miss them greatly, still we hope that our initiation will give to us some who can take their place. The following are the pledged members: Edith Cramer, Emmy Lemcke, Dorothy Tisdale, Mildred Lansing, Ruth Holt, Alice Teller, Loraine Jordan, Jessie Hall, Marguerite Parr.

• • •

The Delta chapter of Delta Sigma Theta looks forward to a very prosperous year. An initiation will take place in the near future when Bessie Troy, Georgia Meredith and Hazel Cockroft will be taken into the society.

• • •

ETA OF PHI DELTA KAPPA.

Our chapter has started the fall term of '06 with very bright prospects. Spencer Brush and Jack Millar being taken in at an initiation held at the home of Brother Haslett.

By the graduation of the class of June, '06, our active members were reduced in numbers, but the Alumni were correspondingly strengthened.

Kenneth Abbot and Edwin Higgins were recently endowed with pledge pins.

• • •

DELTA KAPPA.

By the graduation of the class of June, '06, we were considerably drained of active members, Byron Paul being the only one left in school. As an athletic honor society, the coming foot-ball team will, in all probabilities, develop some likely candidates.

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ALPHA PI.

Alpha Pi opens the new term with an exceedingly bright outlook. At an initiation held at the residence of John Siegfried on September 3rd, Kenneth J. Staniford was admitted to membership in the society.

BOYS' REPORTER.

Through the efforts of Dr. Thompson, the room adjoining the office has been obtained for the use of the "Acorn" staff.

This is quite an improvement, as it gives the members of the staff a room in which to work, and, as it were gives the "Acorn" a permanent home. Three cheers for Doctor Thompson.

The Athletic Association has a membership this term of about ninety. This is very encouraging, as it is a slight increase over the membership of last term.

It is the desire of the officers of the Association to correct the general false impression which prevails among the Freshmen.

The new students seem to think the only object of the Association is to get their money. This idea is absolutely false. The Athletic Society desires the support and co-operation of the Freshman class in every particular.

• • •

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Boys' Athletic Association has decided to give a costume ball again this term. They have been given twice before and both times have been great successes. The date originally set for the ball was the seventh, but on account of the coming of the circus, and the Alameda circus spirit, the dance was postponed until September fourteenth. This dance being the first of the season will no doubt be a great success, and it is hoped that every one will attend and enjoy themselves and swell the amount in the Boys' Athletic treasury. As this paper is not out till the seventeenth, the dance will be all over when this item is read.

GIRLS' REPORTER.

CLASS ORGANIZATIONS.

The class of December, '06, has organized for its final term with Howard Fassett as president, Ida Spence vice-president, Adele Ehrenberg, sceretary, Henry Jackson treasurer. The class has held one meeting and a committee has already been formed to select the Senior Play.

This play is looked forward to with great interest as the school has not had one for some time.

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The class of June, '07 has held numerous meetings since the opening of this term. Leland Moore called them all to order, Miss Anderson, our president, being absent.

The most important event discussed at the meetings was the dance, to be given in honor of December, '06, in the near future. The class has a good financial standing and the dance will be made the success of the season.

• • •

The class of December, '07 has organized for the fall term and has elected the following officers: president, Allan Beringer; vice-president, Miss Dolores Bradley; treasurer, Norman Bates; and secretary, Miss Margaret Spence.

A committee has been appointed to select a class pin, and they are going to find one which will rival all previous ones for beauty and originality. The colors are dark green and gold.

• • •

The class of June, '08 held a very interesting class meeting Wednesday, August twenty-ninth.

Miss Mary Teller was made temporary chairman and Miss Beatrice Steadman was elected to the office of secretary. A committee of five was appointed to frame a constitution for the class, with Miss Erma Seager as chairman. Most of the members of the class were present, and I am sure that if the present enthusiasm is shown throughout the remainder of our school life, the class of June, '08, will be one of which the Alameda High School can and will be proud.

• • •

The December, '08 class has organized for the fall term with officers as follows: president, C. A. Troy; vice-president, Miss Gertrude Grow; secretary, Miss Sarah Frisbee and treasurer, Clarence B. Sanborn.

Arrangements are being made for the Entertainment which is to be given in the near future.

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THE CLASS OF '10.

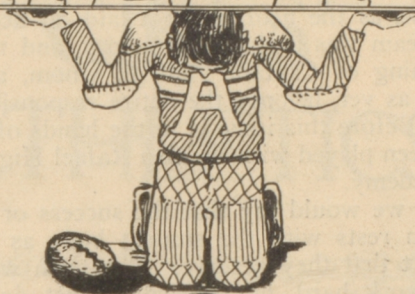
We, the Sub-Junior A's (disrespectfully called "Scrubs"), are the most unique and distinguished class that has ever entered the High School. Perhaps you don't believe this, but I am certain that I can soon convince you of the fact as I have conclusive proof.

In the first place our class would not deign to enter the High School in the way other classes do. Instead of entering on a Monday, a special day was set aside for us. We entered on a Wednesday.

Members of our class come from all over the world—from Russia, all over the United States, from one end of California to the other. The class of '10 ranges in size from Willie Stringbeans down to little Bill Gale, the tallest and shortest students in the school being in our class.

There is great vocal talent among us, as is shown by Master Charles Dodge, in that beautiful and touching ballad, which he sang on the back steps, entitled, "Take me home to mother, mother dear." Mr. Dodge has a promising career before him and it is rumored that he is going to Mojave to finish his studies in the vocal line—Kid-o.

ATHLETICS



FOOTBALL.

In spite of all the criticism that has been made upon football during the past year, this, the greatest of all interscholastic sports, is again on top as usual now that the fall term is under way. Out of the storm of adverse comment which has been heaped upon football, the grand old game has emerged triumphant, and once more occupies the center of the athletic arena. Some radical changes have been made in the old rules; of which the most important are the doubling of the distance to be gained in three downs, making it ten yards instead of five; and the rule permitting forward passes. Hurdling is prohibited, as is also tackling a runner below the knee, and the use of the straight-arm. Severe penalties are prescribed for any violation of these rules, the effect of which is to make football a more open game, increase the importance of swift and clean play, and add to the interest of the game by introducing many fancy plays hitherto impossible.

Now, as to our chances for the championship. Of last year's regular team we retain Captain Paul, "Heine" Jackson and "Buck" Sundell, who are far and away the best pair of ends in the Academic League last season. In addition to these Kues, Frick and Dowdle were members of last year's squad, and may fairly be classed as veterans. Of the new men, Alfred Melcer comes from Hitchcock Military Academy with the reputation of being a fast, handy quarter-back. E. Gale, formerly of Livermore High School, is a guard and tackle of two year's experience. Gale is the largest man on the squad. Fred Greenwell comes from Mastick Grammar, where he captained last season's team and played a back. He is one of the most promising men out. "Mini" Brush is another player of proven ability. He is perhaps the cleanest and surest tackler on the field, is full of ginger, but always cool and collected. Howard Fassett, who plays a very persistent game, is trying for the other half-back position. These men with the following, constitute our Naught-Six squad: Bates, J. Bruzzzone, E. Bruzzzone, Bronson, Everts, Foster, Gunten, Higgins, Kaiser, McFarland, Siegfried, Seagrave, Wooley and Claxton. There are thus nearly twice as many fellows trying out as there were last season; the student body stands ready to support the team, and whatever may be the outcome of the league schedule, Alameda High will have no reason to be ashamed of the showing made by her men.

The first game of the season was played with the team from Fruitvale High School on Wednesday, September 5th. We out-pointed our opponents in every department of the game, scoring several touchdowns. No score was kept, as the field was not laid off according to rule, but the work of the team was highly satisfactory, and reflected great credit on the able coaching of Captain Paul, to whom, as no regular coach has been engaged as yet, belongs the entire responsibility of turning out a winning team. Before this issue is in the hands of the school, practice games will have been played with the San Rafael High School and Hitchcock Military Academy.

In conclusion we would say that the success or failure of the present football season rests with the student body as a whole. Give the fellows the support that they deserve. The team works hard, the individual members work hard, but everyone must do his part. If your part is not on the field, then it is on the bleachers. Come to every game, wear *your* school colors, get behind *your* yell-leader and let *your* team know that you are with them. And if we of the Alameda High School do stand together as a unit, and give our athletic teams on track and gridiron our undivided support, unmindful of any petty personal considerations, there is no school which we cannot defeat, and no championship which we cannot win. Spirit, by which is meant energy and enthusiasm, is what makes success. Let us show that we are not lacking in this vital attribute of every true boy and girl who deserves the name. Stand together!

• • •

TENNIS.

The Tennis Club is more popular this term than ever before. There are more members on the roll and more playing on the courts than there have been since the club was organized two terms ago. The mixed doubles from '07 seem to be practicing most faithfully. An interclass tournament will be held the last week of this month. Seats will be provided, so everybody come and see the fun. The contests will determine the school championships in the various events, and many entries have already been received, so the success of the scheme is assured.

At the first meeting of the club this term the following were elected: president, Fritz Claxton; vice-president, "Ted" Searle; secretary, Miss Stroupe; manager, Mr. Cogswell.

• • •

TRACK.

The track team has been working conscientiously ever since the opening of this semester, indeed, some of the fellows have been training during vacation. On July Fourth, a field-day was given by the Greater San Francisco Athletic Association, in which Edward Macaulay, who has since been elected track captain, won the four forty yard dash, receiving a handsome silver cup. T. Perkins also ran. On September first, a cross-country race was held over a five mile course through Golden Gate Park. Five A. H. S. men placed: Shattuck, Perkins, Kues, Kochendorffer and Legoria. This showing indicates that we will take points in the distance races in the B. C. A. L. and A. A. L. field-days this season. A handicap meet is being arranged, and will be held on the marsh track in the near future.

F. R. C.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Girls' Athletics has become one of the important features in the category of school activities this term. The sub-junior class, especially, has shown great enthusiasm in basket-ball. The girls practice faithfully three times a week and show every evidence of turning out a good, strong team, such that the school may be proud of.

One of the great advantages this term lies in the fact that Miss Brown, a great enthusiast on basket-ball, has very kindly offered to coach the girls. So now they have virtually three coaches, Miss Hewaith, Miss Hewitt and Miss Brown.

The election of officers was held at the first meeting of the term resulting as follows: president, Irene Welp; vice-president, Helen Stroupe; secretary, Gertrude Brown; manager, Herminia Schlageter. Many plans were laid at this meeting, some of which, at least we hope will bear fruit. One of these was the idea of inaugurating an annual Court Day. Each class or combination of classes is to produce a team, these teams to play against each other, the two winning ones to play the finals on Court Day. The exact dates for the playing of these games has not yet been set.

The new court seems to have acted as a tonic upon the enthusiasm of the school. I believe that this term we have more interested people than any term previous. Perhaps the rally, which Dr. Thompson so kindly gave us at the beginning of the year, may have had a good effect. At any rate, all those who have the welfare of basket-ball at heart feel very much encouraged by the prospects and feel sure that the school will have a good chance to be proud of its basket-ball teams.

Just Hatched

Not a chicken---but an annex to our big store---a separate department for

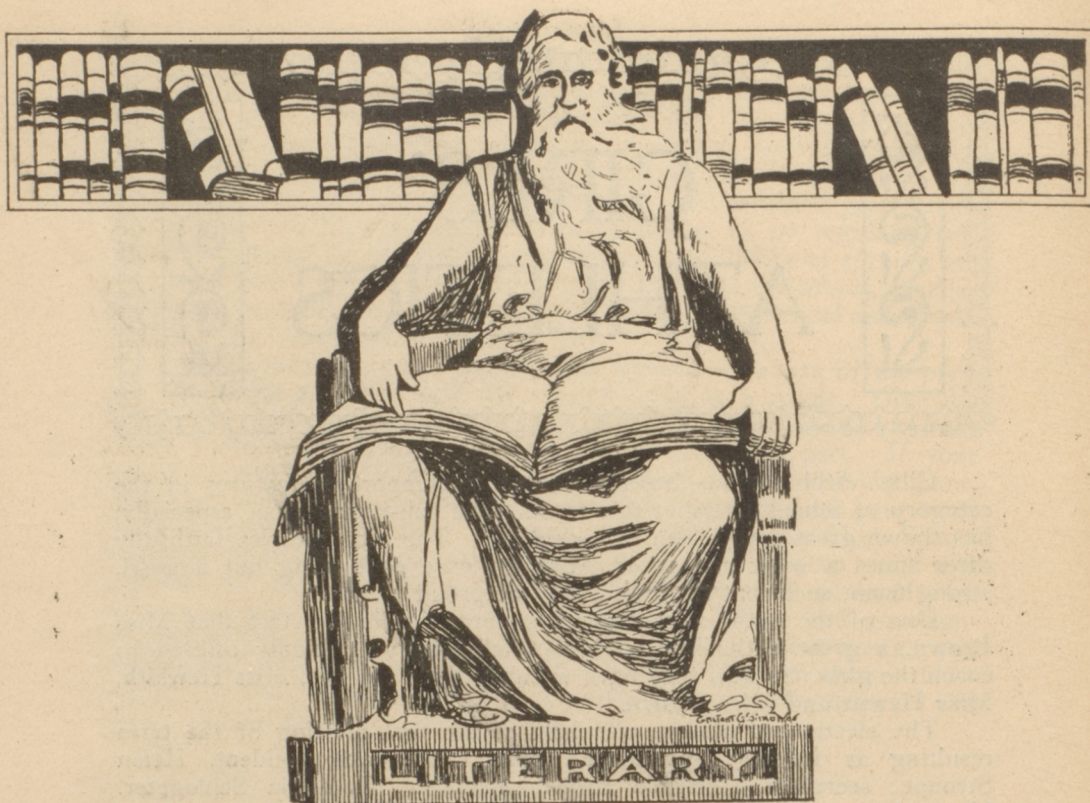
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EDITORIAL.

Here's to our dear little freshman class,
 Here's to four years of joy,
 Here's to the mark that they all will pass,
 Long life to each girl and each boy.

A new term again, with all its accompanying interests, not the least important of which is the freshmen and we wish to welcome them one and all with open arms. We wish them the greatest success possible and hope to make them feel a part of our "happy family" here, so that they too will cherish a memory as fond and dear as we shall for their high school days.

We have with us this year two new history instructors, Mr. Gilbertson and Mr. Outcalt, both of whom have won a place in our hearts already and to whom we extend our heartiest welcome. We are also glad to have with us again an old friend, Miss Dyer, who has returned from her trip abroad.

It is a noted maxim that "everything comes to him who waits" and again it has proved itself true for we have an ACORN office—a really, truly ACORN office, and we want the school to appreciate this fact. Now that Dr. Thompson has been kind enough to give us an office, we hope to sustain its dignity and maintain its name. The ACORN has had an exceedingly hard struggle for the past two terms and seemed almost to be dying a natural death. This hardly seems possible to believe when you take into consideration the fact that we have four hundred students. All we hope is this, that a new and bright era will dawn for the ACORN and that it will feel the support of each and every member of the school. We will do our best, but alack and alas, we can neither manufacture subscriptions nor donate adds. I sincerely trust that henceforth it will be a pleasure and not a duty to subscribe.

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ASSOCIATED STUDENTS' MEETING.

The first associated students meeting of the term was held on August 17th. President Everts gave a welcome to the new members of the student body. Dr. Thompson spoke in behalf of arousing enthusiasm in all school activities, and told of his high hopes for the following term. Mr. Westergard spoke about athletics and the necessity of working together for the benefit of the school at large, and seemed very enthusiastic about the outlook for athletics.

Mr. Jackson spoke about the prospective dance of the athletic association and urgently requested a large attendance. Mr. Fasset gave a report upon this term's football team, and urged that a heartier support be given to the Tennis Club. Another important matter was brought up, namely the Constitution. To a great many this probably seems like the "same old story in the same old way" but if the school could only be brought to realize what an important story that is. I think one look at the Constitution would set the school on its feet and bring it to a realization of the fact that something should be done, and the sooner the better. Let us hope that the Committee will give the school something to be proud of.

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A LETTER.

Below is a letter from the Merchant Marine League, which should prove of interest to the school at large.

PRINCIPAL HIGH SCHOOL,
Alameda, Cal.,

Dear Sir:—

Our league is offering \$1,000 in prizes for the four best essays on "How to Build up Our Shipping in the Foreign Trade," the competition being limited to students in American High Schools, Technological Schools, Colleges and Universities, as set forth in the accompanying item, which we asked every daily newspaper in the United States to

simultaneously publish on September 1, 1906. We are sending you the item, a slip stating "What the League is," and this letter, in the hopes that you will announce our offer of prizes publicly to your students upon the first assembly, after vacation, and in the further hope that you may have the item published in any publication issued by your institution.

Awaiting your kind acknowledgement, we beg to remain,

A. R. SMITH, Commissioner.

The item in part stated:

"Prizes aggregating \$1,000 are offered by the Merchant Marine League of the United States, at Cleveland, Ohio, for the four best essays on "How to Build up Our Shipping in the Foreign Trade," only students in High Schools, Technological Schools, Colleges and Universities in the United States being eligible to compete. There will be four prizes, viz: one of \$400, one of \$300, one of \$200, and one of \$100. Students desiring to compete for these prizes must register their names, and the institutions of learning which they are attending, with the League, in order to have their essays considered. Essays must not exceed 2,500 words; they must be typewritten, on one side of the paper only. The author's name must not be signed to his essay only his nom de plume — which latter, with his full name and address must accompany the essay in a separate sealed envelope. No limitation is set upon the method or plan that may be advocated; it may be along the line of protection or free trade. The contests will close about November 15th, and the prizes will be awarded about December 15, 1906.

Here is something well worth trying for, and we urge everyone who has ability in that line to take an interest in it. A success gained would be a great victory to the school, and one which every one would appreciate.

(For particulars see notice in office.)

ALUMNI NOTES.

The class of December, '04 held a meeting at the home of Norman D'Evelyn, August 8, 1906. Those present were Hazel Binder, Dorothea Macpherson, Evelyn Sherrad, Laura Wells, Arthur Rader, Niran Swett, Fletcher Slosson, Ford Samuels and Norman D'Evelyn.

Willow Butler, a former graduate of A. H. S., is back in Alameda on a visit.

Katherine Sharpstein, George Searle, Ted Lynch and Ed Brush of June, '06, and Adele Brown, Ruey Dexter and Bessie Young of December, '05, entered U. C. this term.

Maude Murphy, June, '06, is visiting her sister in Texas. She expects to remain about a year.

Ethel Plummer and Leland Scott, both of June, '06, have entered Stanford.

Ethel and Frances Rmann are back to Alameda from their eastern trip.

Helen White, June, '06, May Bissell, June, '06, and Edith White, June, '03, expect to take a trip East next month.

Laura Wells, December, '04, is back from her trip to the islands and is attending Stanford.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor-in-Chief and the Exchange Editor were talking one day and their conversation may perhaps be interesting to our fellow papers.

"I have some splendid exchanges here, would you like to look them over?" asked the Exchange Editor of her superior. "Some of them have their advertisements mixed in with their literary material, some have very short exchange columns, and a number have none, but taken all in all they are very good."

"Lowell has gotten up a remarkably good paper. I don't see how they did it when school was not in session. I think that the editors deserve an immense amount of credit."

"Indeed they do," said the Editor-in-Chief. "Here is the 'Owl' from Fresno; it is fine, only it has no exchange column. 'The Adjutant,' Mt. Tamalpais, 'The Topeka High School World,' and 'College Echoes' from Siloam, Arkansas, are also all without exchange columns."

"I think that is one of the most important departments of a school paper. If it is wisely used, the papers can help each other inestimably. The trouble is that a good many of the papers write their exchange columns carelessly, and after reading about twenty, they get rather monotonous," replied the Exchange Editor.

"That's true, but the 'Far Darter' from St. Helena, has an excellent exchange column. It is well written, in very good form, and it contains truths which we would all do well to profit by," said the Editor-in-Chief.

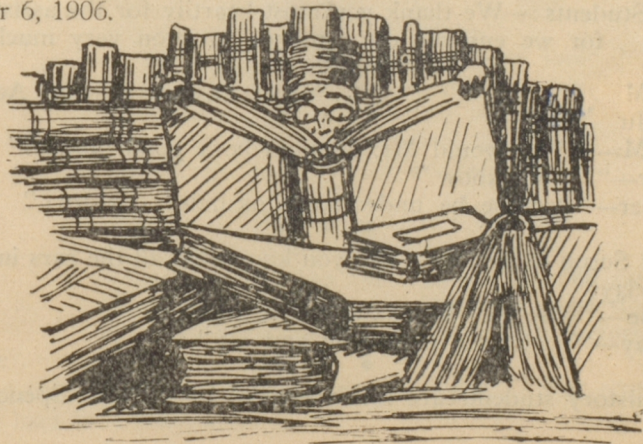
"The 'Call of the Lea' in the 'Oracle,' Oakdale, is well worth reading, the descriptions are vivid and beautiful."

"The 'Cardinal,' from Carning, California, is a very good annual. I think that it is wise for the small High Schools to get out a good paper once a year, rather than a small one every month," was the sensible comment of the Editor-in-Chief.

"Well, here is a remark which appeals to me," exclaimed the Exchange Editor. "The 'Quill,' from Sanford, Maine, complains that many of the exchanges it receives are rolled so tightly that it is almost impossible to get the wrapper off, and when this is done the papers are so torn and creased that there is no pleasure in reading them."

"Why, here is the 'Olla Pod' from Berkeley. Its editors must have worked to get it out so early. It's up to its usual good standard, too."

And with this they separated, and went home to a well earned rest. September 6, 1906.



JOSHES



THIS IS NO JOSH ! !

The little box by Miss Vollmer's room was opened a couple of days before the ACORN went to press. Huddled together in one corner, lay a candy bag (the donor not being considerate enough to leave a piece), a shoe lift (chewed at one end) and five joshes (more or less appropriate). Now we all have to get busy so let us hope for a box full for next issue.

• • •

Alameda High School, Sept. 17, 1906.

Dear Students:—We thank you most heartily for the assistance you rendered us, for we enjoyed our summer vacation very much.

Yours with thanks,

MANAGERS OF SENIOR ACORN.

• • •

Middler—"Why would Mr. Minium be a good tanner?"

Junior—"I don't know."

Middler—"Because he understands ox-hides (oxides)."

• • •

Smart Scrub to Senior—"Did you know that all the cars in Alameda stopped today?"

Montie—"Why no. What was the reason?"

Murray—"To let the people on and off."

• • •

The history students are much amused by "Brick" Spence's *Acorn* signs.

According to the "Argus," work on Mr. Cogswell's new home is suspended on account of the hod-carrier's strike.

We suggest that Mr. Cogswell don his Mortar Board and go to work.

• • •

Mr. Gilbertson in Senior History—"Name an important event which vitally affected American colonization."

Miss Brush—"The discovery of America."

• • •

Miss Garretson (to beginning class in French)—"Master Burton, what does *tres bien* mean?"

Lloyd—"Three beers, I think."

• • •

THE SAME OLD SONG.

"Say 'Hon' are you going skating?"

"I don't think so."

"Yhy not?"

"My Wife Won't Let Me."

• • •

Don't "Guy Kues" if "Ruth Bolts (z)."

• • •

We hear that June '07 is going to have class caps. We're glad they are going to be branded in some way, otherwise we might not know who they were.

• • •

A FEW LINES.

Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Claxton.

Shylock, sitting in his den
Counting o'er the wealth of men,
Heard a tumult from without
Ending with a sudden shout.
Calling all his wits together,
Answered he with a chilly shiver,
"What would'st thou roisterer without,
Me thinks thou art a noisy lout."
The answer came in tones most bold,
"If thou dost wish an answer straight,
'Twere well to open wide your gate."
Shylock reluctantly complied
And entered a stranger extremely wide.
The youth presented with vigorous vim
A ticket to Shylock, bearing this hymn:
"Seventy Cents to the Fancy Dress Ball
A benefit for High School Football."

Shylock is dead, 'twas a terrible fate.
Too sudden a jolt is bad for the pate.
Our collector departed, you needn't feel sore,
With silver galore from Shylock's great store;
And football flourished more than e'er before.

• • •

It is hard with Jack in Nome, isn't it "Pug?" But remember that he will be back in a year.

Miss Hewitt (in mechanical drawing, trying to explain the position of the hand for drawing a circle)—“We will now have a lesson in holding the hand.

• • •

The maiden sorrowfully milked the cow,
And pensively turned to mutter,
I wish you'd turn to milk you brute,
But the animal turned to Butt-her.—Ex.

• • •

TO OUR GIRLS.

I will sing you the song of a kiss;
That will put you in earthly whirl.
But to reach the height of heavenly bliss,
You must kiss an A. H. S. Girl.
(This was handed in by M. N. so take notice and get busy boys.)

• • •

Mr. Outcalt in S. J. B. History, “How many men were with Hannibal when he crossed the Alps?”

Enlightened Student—“Fifty thousand, not counting the elephants.”

Are you still wondering, Mr. Gilbertson, where Howard K. James and Joe Harris are who registered for U. S. History? (We suggest that maybe “Spider” Hinck can throw a light on the subject.)

AN AD-DITION.

Dedicated to Alan and Harry.

A man who owns a great big store,
With stacks of goods on every floor,
May, to his keenest sorrow, find
The public to his wares is blind.
And though he add all he may guess
Would likely add to his success,
His bank account may never rise,
Till he concludes to add-vertise.

—IN THE ACORN.



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A HIGH SCHOOL DOGGEREL.

One eve, as I sat in my study and read,
How Charlemange ruled, when his father was dead,
And numerous other dry history tales,
Of England and France and Scotland and Wales.
I was very much startled to see by my side,
A little old witch of dimensions quite wide.

She held in her hand, which was not very small,
A great mammoth basket, which held a football,
And on it was lettered the names of each son,
Of old A. H. S., and the games it had won.
Well, this little old woman had stood there a while,
When she said with the funniest smirk of a smile,

And a voice that suggested a strange squawky squeak,
"My boy, you shall visit Hades for a week."
"Hades!" I cried, and my voice was not meek,
"And what have I done to go there for a week?"
"Never mind, my brave fellow, all shall be well,
For you shall be held in my magical spell;
And besides you will see many friends you once knew.
Come along," and I went, knowing naught else to do.
The next thing I knew, I was rubbing my eyes
And gazing about me in angry surprise.
I was in a strange place, feeling shy as a quail,
And looking, I'm sure, remarkably pale.

My guide was close by me; she said in my ear,
"Don't be afraid, for there's nothing to fear,
So just look around and I'm sure you will find
Some of the loved ones for whom you have pined."
I looked, and behold! in a corner near by,
Sat dear old Cap. Dowdle just ready to cry.

I gave him a slap on the shoulder and said,
"Why are you here?" At which he turned red,
And looking quite downcast, he answered real low,
"For queening in High School, but it is not so!"
I laughed and passed on, then gasped as I spied
My old English teacher, a desk by her side.

She was too busy writing to notice at all,
That someone was near, till her quaint name I called,
"Miss Hohfeld," in cried in words of surprise,
"What was your crime? I cannot surmise!"
"Alas," she replied, "how sad is my fate,
To sit here and write from early till late!"

"Too many fours did I give, so they said,
 And difficult exes that harmed every head."
 After numerous words of comfort I fled,
 Till I saw Mr. Cogswell, who stopped me and said,
 "Why, John, are *you* here; our school's only bard?
 Long assignments in Latin earned *me* this reward."

I remembered how difficult I used to find,
 The long memory work Mr. Cogswell assigned,
 And before I was done in that region of gloom,
 The whole A. H. S. had I seen in that room!
 Most of the teachers I'd seen as I knew.
 Mr. Minium was there, and Miss Garretson too—

For flirting, they said, and the making of eyes,
 Which caused me, indeed, not the slightest surprise.
 But when, right before me, Miss Haworth I spied,
 I could not believe it, all reason defied.
 "Am I dreaming?" I asked in bewilderment deep,
 So I punched myself hard, and awoke from my sleep!

To find myself there in my own little bed,
 With many queer thoughts running all through my head,
 So vivid and clear were the things I had seen,
 That I never could realize 'twas all but a dream.

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